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Moral Tales

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MORAL TALES.

A

CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

BY LADY *******.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, PALL-MALL. MDCCLXXXIII.

[PRICE HALF A CROWN.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Certain Lady of Faſhion, in the Chriſtmas Holidays, formed a Belle Aſſemblée at the Seat of her Anceſtors. On one of thoſe Days, in paſſing with her Company to the Eating-Room, through the venerable old Hall, ſhe obſerved,

'Twas merry in the Hall,
When Beards wagg'd all.

You are not, ſaid ſhe, to imagine that there were no Ladies there; but whilſt our Grandſires were buſy with their Beards, our Grandmothers were as buſy with their tongues. Beſides, *Animal ſans Barbe*, does not enter into the definition of our Sex; neither is a Beard any eſſential Diſtinction; there are whole Nations of Men that have none at all.

There were no Card-tables in thoſe merry Days, no *Trouble—Fete-politicks*; no *Seccatori*, or Profeſſors of ſmall Talk. Pray let us make a Trial, after Supper, of the Chriſtmas Feſtivities of thoſe happy Times. There ſhall be a round Table, with the Ingredients for Mirth and Jollity, and we will meet here and ſit round about our Coal Fire.

At the Time appointed, the Lady of the Houſe preſented a Pair of China Baſons, one for the Ladies, the other for the Gentlemen, with Tickets, inſcribed with the Names and Characters they were to take and perſonate for the Night; the Hoſteſs only excepted, who was to ſet off with a merry Tale, and to call upon the whole Company ſucceſſively, for one of the ſame faſhion. The effect of the Lottery may be conceived

ceived by the Examples following: The Parſon's Wife was drawn by a Counteſs; the Parſon, by an Alderman of London; the Baroneſs, by a celebrated Actreſs; the Baron, by a little good natured witty Dramatiſt; the Lawyer, by a Right Honourable Captain of a Man of War; the Phyſician, by a ſprightly Officer, his *prochain Ami*; and the Apothecay, by a Welch Judge.

The Lady of the Houſe prefaced her Tale by obſerving, that Squeamiſhneſs, Prudery, and Affectation, were always baniſhed upon ſuch Occaſions; and that in the narrative Style, they muſt conform, and ſhe would give them an Example, to the old Style of Chriſtmas, and uſe the Licence of the Seaſon. Right, ſaid the Parſon; and as to you, Gentlemen, (I ſpeak to every Individual)

——— *Age, Libertate, Decembri,*
Quando ita Majores voluere, Utere, Narra.

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MORAL TALES.

MY LADY'S TALE.

TALE I.

RASH, poor, and ever in a hurry,
'Till he was far advanc'd in age,
A certain General like * * * * * *,
At laſt grew cautious, rich, and ſage:
With all the ſubſidies of life,
All but an heir and a young lively wife;
Young ſhe muſt be, for reaſons good,
Not to excite paſſionate dealings,
To keep him warm with her warm blood,
And to indulge his ſober feelings:
The wife he got, but left the care
To Providence and her, to make his heir.

At firſt a blaze, or two at moſt
Appear'd, juſt like a fire of ſtubble,
That cannot either bake or roaſt,
Or broil, or make the kettle bubble;
But ſeldom, after that auſpicious day,
The noble General fired, except in play.
One night he gave a falſe alarm,
Which ſhe moſt patiently endur'd,
I thank my ſtars there is no harm,
She whiſper'd to herſelf, inſur'd,*
Howe'er, to cover his diſgrace,
She let him keep manœuvring round the place.
His nightly fondling and ſtroking,
She bore with reſignation meek;
When he became downright provoking,
She made him quiet for a week.
It was not oft, you underſtand,
That ſhe was forc'd to take the taſk in hand.
Tir'd of his motions and parading,
To drop all metaphors of war,
She made him ſtick to ſerenading,
To twang and finger her guitar,
Like a child's fiddle, to divert young chicks,
From clamb'ring up and playing naughty tricks.

* Metaphor taken from a policy of inſurance againſt fire, for a trifling conſideration.

By

By independence held out to his dear,
By a ſincere emancipation,
He gain'd, like Fox, peace and good cheer,
Beſides a helping hand upon occaſion:
As to their love, content with theſe conceſſions,
They left their jewels to their own diſcretions.
The General thus addreſs'd the Fair,
Toſſing and tumbling in her neſt:
Get me a Deputy, indeed a pair,
For fear of accidents, is beſt:
But firſt, conſult your wife, experienc'd dam,
Truſt her judicious eye, my tender lamb.
He might have ſpar'd his curtain lecture,
His tender lamb, for all her youth,
Was never guided by conjecture,
Or meer appearances of truth:
Neither conſenting nor denying,
She took no meaſures without trying.
So by repeated trials, in the end,
And wiſely taking nought for granted,
She found the ſteady friend,
And deputy, the General wanted.
In fine, without more fuſs or teaſing,
She made her choice, and choſe diſcreetly:
The ſtream of time flow'd ſmooth and pleaſing,
Not only pleaſingly, but ſweetly;

So much, that the whole veteran corps,
Envied the General more and more.
Replete with gratitude, the Dame,
Yielded to all his weakeſt fancies;
And by a bluſh of ſimpering ſhame,
Vouch'd for his feats, and conjugal romances.
All which, as I before related,
Made the old General envied, if not hated.
Young folks are apt, in many a caſe,
Left to themſelves, without a warden,
To diſregard both time and place,
Like Eve and Adam in the garden.
They take a turn, they look about,
And ſeeing nought to fear, conceive no doubt;
Taking their paſtime in an arbour,
Our friends were by the Chaplain ſpied,
Like frigates riding in an harbour,
With their ſails furl'd, in naked pride:
The Prieſt, like Satan, ſigh'd, and ſaw with ſpite,
Adam and Eve in primitive delight.
Before they reach'd the bower of bliſs,
At the firſt glance, you may ſuppoſe,
Down dropp'd the Prieſt, ſquat like a miſs,
Stepping aſide to pluck a roſe.
Cowering he watch'd, amidſt the ſhrubs hard by
An envious toad, like Milton's wicked ſpy.

When

When the ſcene clos'd, the ſpy withdrew,
With marks of grief and indignation,
Revealing every thing he knew
Relating to the incarnation.
Lock'd in each others arms they play'd,
Faſten'd and glew'd from head to foot,
The pair conjoin'd, you would have ſaid,
Were grown together like a double nut.
Their ſprings and movements equal and exact,
As if they were but one in fact.
The General ſmil'd, and heard the Doctor's tattle,
Calm and ſerene, as in a field of battle.
'Twas a fine ſight, I envy you the pleaſure;
I know, ſaid he, your hate to blabs and praters,
And am rejoic'd, and happy beyond meaſure,
That none but God and you were the ſpectators.
Depend upon't ſhe ſhall be told,
When ſhe's diſpos'd to go ſo light and thin;
To run no more ſuch riſks of catching cold,
But take her exerciſe within.
I love my wife, I feel her merits,
I am her doctor, and adviſe,
For her hyſtericks, and low ſpirits
This briſk de-obſtruent exerciſe.

A hundred pounds a year I pay her ſquire,
I feed him ſumptuouſly, and therewithal
The labourer is worthy of his hire,
And always ready at a call.
Know you, the General ſaid to the Divine,
A General's lady better off than mine?
The Prieſt reply'd, and anſwer'd well,
Sir, if I knew, I would not tell.
I could name one, one every way,
As capable, as briſk and ſtout,
A much more proper *Ciceſbi*
Either within doors, or without;
And one he ſaid, cocking his thumb,
That would have done the job for half the ſum.

THE MORAL, BY THE DRAMATIST.

All tales and fables, long or ſhort,
Æſop's or Homer's, feign'd or true,
Muſt have a moral of ſome ſort,
For our inſtruction, ſays Boſſu.
We learn this truth from Homer's ſongs,
When youth and inſolence conſpire,
Grievous diſſenſions and great wrongs,
Ariſe from paſſion ſet on fire.

His

His tale is founded upon anger,
With anger's terrible effects;
This upon impotence and languor,
With age's riſible defects.
They both agree in one concluſion,
Where there's no harmony all is confuſion;
In ſtates, in ſenates, camps and fleets,
And now and then in wedding ſheets.
If an old fellow goes to bed
With his young bride, and gets next morn,
Inſtead of his bride's maidenhead,
The maiden-bride's contempt and ſcorn;
The ſureſt way to ſet things right,
And to do juſtice to the bride,
Is to get up and take his flight,
Or take her General for his guide:
Who ſail'd through time with a fine breeze,
Through pleaſant days and nights of eaſe:
For the connubial clog and yoke,
Heavy to me, not light to you,
To him was a meer joke,
Eaſy it ſat like an old ſhoe.

THE

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

TALE II.

SUE, and another country laſs,
With ploughman Dick, a gibing knave,
Were at the wedding of an aſs,
And all of them look'd very grave.
The marriage ceremony done;
The laſſes cried, Dick, ſhew your ſkill,
If you are for a bit of fun,
Chuſe one of us, take which you will.
Richard malicioufly reply'd,
Thinking to diſconcert the jades,
Faith I would rather take the bride,
If I might chuſe, than her bride-maids.
I do believe you, Dick, ſaid Sue,
And jogg'd her partner, with a grin:
We would take Jack rather than you,
If 'twas not for the ſin.

MORAL.

This is not an immoral Tale,
The Parſon to his praiſe and glory,
Exhibited over his ale,
A moral to his Spouſe's ſtory.

If

If Moſes had not been ſo clear
And circumſtantial in God's orders,
The carnal appetites, I fear,
Would often get beyond the borders;
There would be many a ſtrange wedding,
Some without either bed or bedding.
If the Divine Legation had not ſhewn it,
How ſhould unletter'd people know,
Whether it was a ſin or no?
Even Warburton would not have known it.
And therefore, as I ſaid above,
Moſes was told to teach the Jews,
How and with whom they might make love:
God would not let them pick and chuſe.
His choſen people all their lives,
Lov'd novelties, as they do now;
God knew that they would leave their wives
At any time to kiſs a cow.
The Jewiſh ladies were like ours,
Fickle, not nice in their amours;
And if it had not been forbid,
Many might have been got with kid.

THE PARSON'S TALE.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

TALE III.

THOMAS came running to the mill,
As Will was ſtanding at the door,
Would you believe it, neighbour Will?
Said Tom, my wife's an errant whore.
With colours flying, drums a pair,
I left her very hard at work,
Toſſing the Squire up in the air,
As if he had been made of cork.
You know the burthen is not light,
He was not born to be a jockey,
And to add ſomething to the weight,
His Worſhip was a little rocky.
From my relation I preſume,
Neighbour, you will conclude and gather,
That he was in a plaguy fume,
And ſhe all over in a lather.
I never thought, as I'm a ſinner,
That Moll had any ſporting blood,
Or any kind of mettle in her,
No more than in a log of wood.

At any moment of a day,
My wife ſaid, Will takes as much pains:
I make her pockets ring and play,
Jingling her keys about like chains.
And yet no ſempſtreſs with a thimble,
That ſits all day upon her crupper,
Can be more mettleſome and nimble,
Or readier for it, after ſupper.
Where did you leave your wife? ſaid he——
Behind yon' ſtack, where ſhe lies dry,
Run and peep through the hedge and ſee,
Said Tom, if ſhe begin to fly.
Will ran and peep'd, and then crept nigher,
And then cried, Thomas, you're a lyar.
I ſee them at it, and ſee clear,
'Tis not your Moll, but my ſweet Nell;
The devil, I hope, that brought her here,
Will carry her back with him to hell.
I knew, and would have laid my life,
Said Will, if I had bid you go,
To ſee the paſtime of your wife,
You would not run to ſee the ſhew;
But you would ſcamper to the ſtack,
To ſee my wife upon her back.

The only way that I would act,
The only way I would adviſe,
And the beſt way to prove the fact,
Is to appeal to your own eyes.

MORAL.

Segnius irritant animos dimiſſa per anrem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.———

An offer from one, of ſeventy-four,
Was grateful to the royal hearing,
If one-by-ſelf-one had offer'd one more,
Keppel would think that one was jeering.
The offer might ſurpriſe a tar,
The Lawyer cried, taking off Lee:
To ſee the L——r man of war,
I do confeſs would ſurpriſe me.——
There is ſome difference ſaid the ſcoffer,
Between an offering and an offer;
Sam offer'd Jack a horſe---where is he Sam?
Sam anſwer'd, in the matrix of his dam.
Where are my ſhips, cried Lewis, ſeize,
That many a town and province offers?
Sire, ſaid the daughter of Thereſe,
Breeding like Spider's eggs, in empty coffers.

THE

THE ASSOCIATION.

THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

TALE IV.

A Village Burgher, was Ralph Crop,
A grocer without guile or malice;
The maſter of the grocer's ſhop,
And of Ralph Crop, was Miſtreſs Alice.
When Alice was engag'd, her damſel Kate,
When Ralph her ſpouſe was abſent too,
Did quite as well, for ſhe could ſell and prate,
Better, perhaps, than Crop could do.
Crop was juſt gone to market-town,
And all the world was there---'twas the fair day,---
To buy his wife a cap and gown,
To ſhew his taſte, and make her ſhew away.
All the world knows, that certain glances,
Interpret certain women's fancies.
The Exciſeman was a fine obſerver,
And ſaw from Alice's black eyes,
That all the world could not preſerve her,
From being taken by ſurpriſe.

Treading the ſhop, he caſt the dye,
He paſs'd the Rubicon and met her;
And in the twinkling of an eye,
Carry'd his point, and overſet her.
He paſs'd the Rubicon, it means in verſe,
He was not baſhful for her looking fierce:
At the firſt onſet, Myles averr'd,
He took the Lion by the beard.
For Hercules, without a ſcratch or rub,
Taking poſſeſſion of that feature,
With his great club,
Terrify'd and ſubdu'd the creature.
Myles having conquer'd her diſdain,
(Alice and Myles were in their prime,)
They did not ſpend their hours in vain,
But made the propereſt uſe of time.
Ralph was returning with his fairing,
And at the door, juſt after pairing.
Neither ſuſpecting any harm,
Behold Crop enters with his riches,
A gown and cap under his arm,
As Myles was pulling up his breeches.---
I am glad you left the fair ſo ſoon,
His wife cry'd out---the Exciſeman there,
Whipt in juſt now, this afternoon,
Stark ſtaring mad as a March hare,

Had he not known you by your blowing,
Had not he heard you at the door,
That very moment he was going
To ſ--t upon the parlour floor;
And ſwore, that if I call'd or ſtir'd,
The brute would make me eat his---merde.
What did you mean, ſaid Crop, by this?
Nothing at all, ſaid Myles, amiſs.
Behold ſaid one, that ſhall be nameleſs,
Before her window, Miſtreſs Blameleſs;
Poor ſoul, ſhe looks quite melancholy,
Try Myles, ſome heads were made for horns.
To try, ſaid I, would be a monſtrous folly,
Try to lick honey off the thorns;
Even ſuppoſe what cannot be ſuppoſed,
I would not wrong a friend, ſo well diſpoſed;
I'll put as hard a caſe, I think,
A rump and dozen---let us wager,
I'll make no love, but make a ſtink,
Shall cure her vapours, I'll engage her.
Mind; I'll untruſs down to the feet,
And do my n---s before her face,
Plump on the floor, and for my treat,
She ſhall be thankful and ſay grace.
If you had not ſtept in between,
I ſhould have won the wager clean;

Nothing

Nothing amiſs was meant, I knew,
My friend here, loved a harmleſs joke,
The thought was comical and new,
'Twould make him laugh ready to choak.
Marry come up, my dirty Couſin,
Said Alice, with your rump and dozen;
Laugh! laugh at what, you filthy beaſt?
If he had laugh'd at ſuch a thing,
I would have made both his ears ring;
For one whole fortnight at the leaſt.
Go, pay the wager you have loſt;
I'm glad, ſaid Crop, that he was taken in,
A rump and dozen's no ſmall coſt,
And as to laughing, let them laugh that win.

MORAL

A caſe in point, ſaid ſly Sir John,
To prove two heads better than one.
One gives a hint, and only moves it,
The ſecond takes it, and improves it?
I grant your maxim, ſaid his Dame,
If both their intereſts are the ſame.
The Baron cried, the moral's fine,
I ſmoke two rogues, and one deſign.

I ſee

I ſee too rogues together pull,
Two patriots ſet out together,
In dirty roads and in foul weather,
To make a fool of poor John Bull.

HOB IN THE WELL.

SIR JOHN'S TALE.

TALE V.

A Taylor, bodkin-ſtitch, in a few years,
Grew rich, and is encreaſing ſtill,
By the nice conduct of his ſheers,
And ſkill in drawing up a bill.
A bill, like any bill of Chancery,
Or my Lord North's bill of Fine---anſery---
His Budget like a giblet pie,
Furniſh'd with gizzards, hearts and liver,
Pinions, necks, feet, and blood for ever,
And gooſe-cap heads that once look'd high.
Twelve miles from York, or thereabout,
Stitch bought a farm, he call'd Surtout——
His agent, every week that came,
Was ſure to ſend him a ſtout hare,
Pigeons, and now and then ſome game,
With rabbits, taken in a ſnare.

In fine, Stitch liv'd like any Lord,
Any Lord Mayor, that draws long corks---
Turkeys and geeſe ſmoak'd on his board,
Like geeſe upon his board of works.
Beſides, his farm produc'd him clear
In caſh two hundred pounds a year.
Robin, a farmer, was his factor,
The taylor would not part with Hob,
So good a factor and tranſactor,
For the beſt regimental job;
Not to take meaſure of the King,
Although, perhaps, by ſuch an honour,
His wife, a proud diſdainful thing,
Might not take quite ſo much upon her:
A Knight's third couſin, where's the wonder
If Bodkin truckl'd and knock'd under?
Obſerve, that every Eaſter Sunday,
Hob came to feaſt on paſchal lamb,
And then return'd on Eaſter Monday
To Tanſy pudding and a ham.
The beds were full, when Robin came,
As harmleſs as his nameſake bird,
Robin was forc'd to make a third,
And pig with Bodkin and his Dame.

Hob in his breeches went to bed,
And Miſtreſs Stitch was in the middle,
Her face turn'd cloſe to Bodkin's head,
To leather breeches her bum-fiddle.
Bodkin's horn ſoon began to blow,
Hob was awake, and ſhe alſo.
On certain ſignals from behind,
Hob his maſk'd battery diſclos'd,
Summon'd the fort, which was reſign'd
Upon the terms that he propos'd.
They were oblig'd to take their leave
At laſt for fear of a ſurprize,
Not without tears, you may believe,
And ſleep in earneſt clos'd their eyes.
Recruited with a four hours nap,
Hob gave her notice of his riſing,
Firſt at the door he gave a tap,
And then a rap that was ſurpriſing:
As Madam Stitch in the concluſion,
Receiv'd the *coup-de-grace* and was expiring.
Bodkin was wak'd by a contuſion,
Studied the point and could not help admiring;
And then put back his hand, and lo!
He found Hob in the well below.
Steal off, ſaid Stitch, and quit your ground,
'Tis well for you ſhe ſleeps ſo ſound.

If my wife wakes and finds you got
Out of your road, into her quarters,
She'll ſcratch your eyes out, ſhe's ſo hot,
And ſtrangle you in her Bath garters.
When I got there, ſaid Hob, or how,
I know no more than you, I vow;
But in the well have got through thick and thin---
Oft in my ſleep I walk, they ſay,
And in my ſleep muſt have walk'd in,
Said Hob, that muſt have been the way.
Hob vaniſh'd---Mrs. Stitch ſoon after,
Furniſh'd another ſcene for laughter;
She jogg'd her Spouſe, and whiſper'd low,
Is Robin up and gone, or no?
Bodkin reply'd, at break of day,
Two hours ago he ſtole away:
I dreamt, ſaid ſhe, and then awoke,
I thought 'twas you in ſuch a cue,
I doubted whether it was you;
I thought you drove away like ſmoak:
I never felt ſo much delight,
Either in ſleeping or awake,
I was afraid 'twas ſome miſtake;
What would I give to dream it every night!
I was ſurpriz'd to find you grown
So luſty, and with ſo much bone,

And twice as ſtrong, and ſtronger too,
Than when upon our wedding ſheets,
For all that I could ſay or do;
You robb'd me of my virgin ſweets.
'Twas but a dream, ſaid Stitch, that's plain,
I'll try to make you dream again;
He did his beſt, and Morpheus ſeiz'd her ſoon,
Bodkin got up at nine, ſhe ſlept till noon.---

M O R A L

The ſex, ſaid a phyſician of the college,
Like men, are either ſaints or ſinners,
Like Eve, they long ſo much for knowledge,
They ſcarce have time to eat their dinners.
The difference between them and us,
Is this, the ſex, both great and ſmall,
All look as innocent as puſs,
The greateſt hypocrite of all.
But men oft glory in their ſhame,
And take our wives for lawful game.
Put not your truſt in leather breeches,
Whether your wife's behind you, or before,
They all can tell, they are ſuch witches,
Whether you ſleep, or only feign a ſnore.

She knows her time, ſhe gives an intimation,
To Galligaſkins, and if he's inclin'd,
He will accept of Madam's invitation,
Juſt as it ſuits, before you or behind.

THE DAINTY WIDOW'S TALE.

TALE VI.

MY Tale is every bit a Moral,
A hint for delicate complexions,
Black, brown, and fair, or red as coral,
May benefit by my reflexions.
In artifice, moſt of us deal,
And ladies that affect fine feelings,
Mean to declare, how fine they feel,
All over in their tender dealings.
Reach me that peach, ſaid I, my dear,
It ſets my teeth on edge ſaid Prue,
It makes me feel all over queer,
Has it not that effect on you?

Your

Your teeth on edge, my dear! I underſtand,
I would not give the creature any quarter,
When you have got Eve's fruit into your hand,
Miſs, I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, your mouth muſt water.
Prue redden'd, not from ſhame, but ſpite,
I ſee, ſaid I, my gueſs is right.

THE BARONESS'S TALE.

TALE VII.

A Merry ſtory's better far,
Than a lampoon or witty libel:
Mine is from Margaret of Navarre,
As true as any in the bible.
Vrai comme l'Evangile, 'tis e'en,
True as the goſpel, ſays the queen.
Three Merchants of Savoy, I know not when,
Were travelling, each with his ſpouſe,
Pilgrims to Saint Antonio of Vienne,
All of them bound by previous vows,

In

In journeying to live together,
Not like their fathers and their mothers,
But like three ſiſters, and three brothers,
As well in cold as in hot weather.
Like them in beds apart to lie,
In chambers ſeperate, but nigh.
Leaſt through miſtake, ſiſter and brother,
Or in their ſleep or in the dark,
Might tumble one upon another,
And the colliſion ſtrike a ſpark.
Which meeting with the tinder box,
Is all that they require;
All ſuch combuſtibles as ſmocks,
To make the leaſt inflammable catch fire.
They were all left in full poſſeſſion,
Of every other ſenſe, or taſte,
That is to uſe them with diſcretion,
You know there's none, below the waiſt.
At Chambery arriving, our three pair,
Spared no expence at their hotel,
Excellent wine and plenty of good fare,
All appetites but one, fared well.
They ſupp'd, and ſeem'd ſo loath to part;
The brothers, and the ſiſters both,
I am perſuaded from my heart,
Had much ado to keep their oath.

The ladies to their room repair'd,
To chat both in and out of bed,
Their beds before had been prepar'd,
Three, with one pillow, for each head.
But were their huſbands there, *and thereabout*,
Inſtead of one,
Had there been none,
I do believe *they could have done without*.
I need not tell you, when three Dames,
Gather'd together are undreſſing,
They call things by their naked names,
So plain, they leave no room for gueſſing:
When the diſcourſe is turn'd from faſhions,
To certain objects of the paſſions;
And in undreſſing you may ſwear,
They ſhew their charms, and they compare.——
Three Monks, all three Father Confeſſors,
That lay hard by, wonder'd to hear,
The ladies talking like profeſſors,
In terms of art diſtinct and clear:
which made the holy fathers *riſe*,
And ſtand and liſten with ſurpriſe,
Then gliding to the door they ſpy'd,
Up, on their beds, all in their ſhifts,
The three fair Dames that ſcorn'd to hide,
Any of God's bounteous gifts.

The Monks, much edify'd retir'd,
And by Saint Francis were inſpir'd.
They knew they lay without a mate;
And like brave ſoldiers of Saint Francis,
Reſolv'd they ſhould no longer wait,
And ſuffer for their huſbands fancies.
Saint Francis muſt have been their guide;
Moſt certainly Saint Francis knew,
The ladies after the review---
Forgot the key was left on the outſide.
Now ſilence reign'd, the fair ones ſlept,
And out the watchful brethren came,
Secur'd the door, and ſoftly crept,
Each bold Franciſcan to his flame.
There was no time for them to ſpare,
For preface or ſolicitation,
They ſeiz'd Time by the lock of hair,
Without one word on the occaſion.
Finding their dears ſo hot and greedy,
And ſo ſoon up and on again;
The ladies, who were alſo needy,
Found that reſiſtance would be vain.
One of the ſiſters had a notion,
The alteration was ſo ſtrange,
That hers had taken ſome love potion,
To make ſo very great a change.

They bore it all with patient bearing,
And without uttering a word:
All the three wives, whilſt they were pairing,
Thought theirs the only pairing bird.
Each held her tongue, and took her feed,
Pitying the two that ſtood in need.
The Champions, after their great deeds,
Gently retir'd, exhauſted quite;
And, with their baggage and their beads,
March'd off as ſoon as it was light.
The Merchants ſlept ſo long, thanks to the wine,
So well to both the parties ſuited,
Their heads, on waking, ach'd no more than mine,
And their wives roſe, freſh and recruited.
Then huddling on their clothes, in the meanwhile
Their tongues perpetually wagging,
The ſmarteſt cried, with an arch ſmile,
And with a tone of voice like bragging,
Pray, were you wak'd, like me, laſt night?
Had you a viſit from your Spouſes?——
If yours were in as fine a plight,
They muſt have been about your houſes——
Mine wak'd me, and away he ſcour'd
At once, and ran me out of breath;
I thought I ſhould have been devour'd;
Preſs'd, bagg'd, and ſqueez'd, and cruſh'd to death.

Ours too were in as good condition,
The others ſaid——What could it mean?
It muſt have been the prohibition,
They all agreed, that made them all ſo keen.
Undoubtedly, ſaid Madam Smart;
Oft have I wonder'd, for my part,
With what indifference they begin,
And jog on in a lawful deed;
But let it be a mortal ſin,
Heaven's, with what ardour they proceed!——
The men were up, and in their jackets,
And were juſt putting on their ſhoes,
When their wives enter'd with their packets,
Full of glad tidings and great news.
No wonder that you lay till noon,
After your laſt night's feats, ſaid they,
To come and break your oaths ſo ſoon,
And make us break ours too, was not fair play.
Each to her Huſband then repeated,
How ſuddenly ſhe was ſurpris'd,
How handſomely ſhe had been treated,
For which ſhe hop'd he would not be chaſtis'd.
The fault was his, ſhe had no blame;
She was ſo hurry'd,
Bated and worry'd,
If 'twas to do again, ſhe would do the ſame.——

You muſt be drunk or mad, I fear,
The huſband cried, 'tis a clear caſe,
I never ſtir'd, or I'm not here,
Out of my bed, out of this place;
And ſo they one and all declared,
And look'd like ſimpletons and ſtared.
The women bluſh'd up to the ears,
Firſt thought of this, and then of that,
And their ſuſpicions and their fears,
Made them begin to ſmell a rat.
A Merchant, wiſer than the reſt,
Making a ſign they underſtood,
Laugh'd and ſaid, wife, we were in jeſt,
My ſins I hope have done us good.
I hope, ſaid he, you'll wiſh me joy,
And our endeavours and joint labours,
Will be productive of a boy,
I wiſh the ſame, for my two neighbours.
An act, ſaid he, you will allow,
Of ſo great merit,
It muſt repair our broken vow,
You know, we broke it with great ſpirit.
'Twas not enough, ſaid Miſtreſs Sly,
To break your oath, but you muſt run,
And go to bed to make a lye,
For which you don't deſerve a ſon;

And yet I hope and expect rather,
Your ſon will not be like his father;
With that the females in a titter,
Retir'd to gather up the litter.
The women gone, the Merchant cry'd,
Brothers, you ſee how matters go,
Our ladies have been Monkcupy'd,
Which is not fit for them to know;
We muſt lock up this ſecret in our trunks,
For if the faithful partners of our beds
Should know their obligations to the Monks,
Monks will be always running in their heads.
To pocket the affront is right,
As to our wives 'tis beſt you'll own,
To lie with them ourſelves at night,
And never let them lie alone;
Whether the ladies doubts were clear'd away,
I never heard ſo cannot ſay;
But I have heard that ever after,
Whene'er they met at any place,
And look'd each other in the face,
They fell into a fit of laughter.
And with great gratitude and reaſon,
For their devotion in due ſeaſon,

His bleſſing Saint Antonio ſent,
With three huge boys, made and conceiv'd,
Monaſtically, 'tis believ'd,
To the ſix pilgrims great content.——

MORAL.

Cleave to your wives, the ſcripture ſays,
I ſay, that cleaving is a bleſſing,
But you muſt ſtick and cleave always,
Or elſe your head may get a dreſſing.
As cloſe, as if you were tied and buckled,
So cloſe no creature can get at her;
You might my Lord, be made a cuckold,
And I know nothing of the matter.
To make a vow to leave your wife in danger,
And let her lie alone and fob her,
Is to lock up your caſh, before a ſtranger,
And tempt him to become a robber;
Which was exemplified you find,
In three bold Monks, all of one mind——
This truth will follow from that ſequel,
Which ought to be obſerv'd and known,
That one of us left quite alone,
Or three of us together, are things equal.

THE LAWYER'S TALE.

TALE VIII.

MY ſtory's true, as well as new,
Of folks I know, that ſhall be nameleſs,
Their real names are nought to you,
I'll call my knight, Sir Joſeph Shameleſs.
His lady's woman, Kitty Patience,
With wicked eyes, her teeth two rows of pearl,
And all the ſequel of the girl,
A complication of temptations.
The knight had now and then the gout,
To have it only now and then,
Is of great uſe to many men,
It has its merits without doubt.
Amongſt the proverbs of my ſire,
The gout I have often heard him call,
The potent parent of deſire,
Without whoſe aid his doings were but ſmall——
I mean he was not half ſo ſtout,
And ſometimes could not make it out
———————— At all.

My

My Lady in her ſtays, and Kitty lacing;
My Lady's fingers buſy round the border,
Giving her ſnowy breaſts a proper bracing,
To keep them at a diſtance, and in order:
So proud and bold they ſtand when they are parted,
When they are near they droop, and look faint-hearted.
The Knight came in——Said he, how finely
You plump them out, they look divinely——
Kitty's tetons have got no ſtay,
They ſeem to ſcorn any aſſiſtance;
If they ſhould happen to give way,
They'll turn again, and make reſiſtance:
With that, he thruſts his hand into her neck;
My Lady turn'd about and ſmil'd,
Without the leaſt rebuke or check,
She only ſaid, you ſhould not let him, child.
Patience reply'd, with downcaſt eye,
I thought there was no harm, as you were by——
My Lady ſaid, no, not the leaſt——
Kitty, I have ſeen you quite undreſt;
If you will treat him with a feaſt,
Theſe two are vouchers for the reſt.
Kitty was then miſtreſs of arts;
The Knight, without a cry of murther,
Long ſince had viſited thoſe parts,
And gone till he could go no further.

His Lady knew that he lov'd change;
He knew her paſſions were as ſtrong,
She could not be averſe to range,
She was ſo apt to fancy things and long.
They went and came without each other's knowing,
Both of them lov'd to change the ſcene;
They never aſk'd where they were going,
Nor once enquir'd where each had been——
One day the Knight fell faſt aſleep,
The Knight was in his gouty chair;
A Captain and my Lady fair,
On the ſettee in meditation deep.
She roſe and went behind the ſcreen,
And he to ſee what ſhe could mean.
They ſtay'd not there you muſt have thought,
Standing like fools and doing nought.
At the concluſion of their ſport,
And whilſt the room and ſcreen were ſhaking;
Sir Joſeph heard her breathing ſhort,
Juſt at the moment he was waking.
He was acquainted with her notes,
And knew, that from her dying ſong,
Her time was come, 'twould not be long
Before ſhe ſhook her petticoats:
Her petticoats to ſmooth the gathers,
Juſt like a hen, that ſhakes her feathers---

As

As long as he could hear them prancing
He would not interrupt their dancing.
What noiſe was that? Sir Joſeph cried;
'Twas a ſtrange noiſe I heard juſt now,
My lady readily replied,
I can't account for it I vow;
For God's ſake let us run away,
It was an earthquake I dare ſay:
An a-ſe quake, ſaid the Knight, it was a ſquall!
A ſudden guſt of wind, that's all---
And ſo ſhe ſaid the Captain ſaid before:
The Captain's in the right, Sir Joſeph ſwore.---
They took their evening walk, ſhe and her friend,
Kitty came down to make Sir James's tea,
The Knight told Kitty in the end,
What he had heard, but could not ſtir to ſee.
If you can catch them in the fact,
And can but ſee what I heard now,
With proofs enough to get an Act,
Who knows but I may marry you?
Kitty you ſhall not lie alone,
I'll either marry you or none.
Patience, whoſe name implies ſubmiſſion,
Soon executed her commiſſion,
Kitty's was ocular demonſtration;
The Captain ſitting like a lout,

Her

Her Lady in a ſituation,
As if the Captain had the gout.
Said he, do ſhew me how ſhe did it;
She anſwer'd modeſtly, I'll try;
And then ſhe dandled it and ſlid it,
And Kitty did it by and by.
'Twas the firſt time ſhe play'd upon the ſtage,
But afterwards few could play better,
In any part ſhe could engage,
The ableſt Manager could ſet her.
So far from bold, Kitty 'till then,
Was ſo diſcreet, you could not gueſs;
Eſpecially amongſt the men,
Which were more modeſt, Kitty's looks or dreſs.
But now ſhe ſoon threw off the maſk,
She gave herſelf prodigious airs,
You may be ſure, you need not aſk,
As well above, as below ſtairs.
There was a Lawyer, that liv'd near,
For whom at laſt, Sir Joſeph ſent,
And order'd Kitty to appear,
Having told the Lawyer his intent.
Patience, ſaid he, it is no ſhame,
Be not aſham'd to ſpeak the truth,
You muſt deſcribe the romping game,
My Lady, romping with the youth.

Kitty look'd down, put on a frown,
Look'd up, and then ſhe look'd aſide;
She pull'd a pin out of her gown,
Look'd at the pin, and then reply'd——
I ſaw my Lady with her legs aſtride,
Wagging her tail upon the Captain's knee;
And after ſhe had done her ride,
Sit like a bird perch'd on a tree:
Upon her perch ſhe did not long remain,
He gave a ſpring, and ſhe ſet out again.
I never could have thought of ſuch a trick——
I ſaw it through my Lady's cloſet door:
The very ſight made me ſo ſick,
I could not ſtay to ſee it any more;
But ran directly from the place,
And went into the open air,
And after told his Honour the whole caſe;
Sitting exactly then, as he ſits there.
Altho' the gout had left his feet,
Tell it again, he ſaid, and bring a ſeat.
I knew Sir Joſeph's meaning, I dare ſay;
Sir Joſeph thought that I would vary,
In my relating her vagary;
He knows I always told it the ſame way,
For he has made me tell it o'er and o'er,
A dozen times at leaſt, if not a ſcore——

Did you ſee *rem in re?* ſaid he——
I did, ſaid ſhe; firſt, on dry land,
I ſaw *rem* in my Lady's hand;
And after that, ſaw *rem in re.*
She put it there; I ſaw how it was teas'd——
Now it was quite up to the chin,
And then again half out half in,
Juſt as my Lady pleas'd.
Her ſtays and petticoats upon the floor,
She in her ſhift and gown, with nothing more;
And all the time her ſhift and gown,
Up to her ſhoulders like a ſhawl,
As ſhe went up and down
I ſaw it all.——
The Lawyer ſaid, were you alone?
Was there none elſe?——Said ſhe, not one.——
One witneſs, Madam, will not do.
Why, Miſs, ſaid he, were there not two?
And as Sir Joſeph ſent you out——
He told me ſo;
Why would you go
Alone to ſcout?——
I had a caſe the other night——
Exactly the ſame caſe, as it was ſtated,
Between a Damſel and a Knight,
But not by far ſo well related.

The evidence is not deficient,
For there are three, two are ſufficient.
And therefore I adviſe, Miſs Kitty,
To leave off ſpying; I know ſpies
That talk and ſee, altho' their eyes
Are not ſo fine, nor teeth ſo pretty:
And females, that are as diſcerning,
But very ſhort of Miſs in learning.——
Upon ſome hints thrown out by Patience,
Before my Lady, ſhe from thence,
Set maids to watch, made preparations,
And got enough for her defence.
Before the Lawyer's wife they came,
With all the facts, clearly deſcrib'd and well;
They could not have told him for ſhame,
All that ſhe undertook to tell.]
Sir Joſeph ſaid, Kitty, you ſee
A ſpy is but a ſorry trade;
I found, I thought, one cunning jade,
I find my Lady has found three.
And therefore we muſt be content,
And lie together with my wife's conſent:
She will not care with whom I'm ſleeping,
Provided both are bound and ty'd,
That information got by peeping,
Shall not avail on either ſide.

So

So both remain, coupled per force,
'Till Death has got her in his power,
Or ſhe's entitled to her dower,
Neither can ſuffer a divorce.

MORAL

There are not more than ſix or ſeven,
I think, at fartheſt, in a year,
Of weddings that are made in Heaven,
All other weddings are made here.
At concerts, balls, at fairs and races,
Scarb'rough and all terraqueous places.
Suppoſe you have no friend above,
And it ſhould chance to be your fate,
Inſtead of a celeſtial dove,
To get a wild-gooſe for your mate.
E'en let her take her flight and roam,
Never let that diſturb your reſt,
Provide a ſubſtitute at home,
Of a bad bargain make the beſt:
The beſt you can, I ought to ſay;
The beſt is——putting her away.

THE BARON'S TALE.

TALE IX.

LADIES, ſaid Frank, with ladies walking,
Pleaſe to obſerve that aviary there,
Suppoſe their ſinging goes for talking,
Their down, for any downy hair.
They are the types of our gay world,
You know fine feathers make fine birds,
Our belles like theirs painted and curl'd
With crimſon cheeks, and breaſts like curds.
Our macaronies with their muffs,
Are not like ſinging birds, but piping ruffs.
The only difference I find,
Our beaux are vain, the ruffs are proud,
All our belles feign, theirs ſpeak their mind,
But are as talkative and loud.
Pray ladies walk a little nearer,
You'll ſee the microcoſm clearer;
Behold thoſe lovers ſitting cooing,
With little interludes of billing,
Others proceeding without wooing;
Both are ſo amorous and willing;

Their hops, love-feaſts and agapees;
Our balls, methodiſt night-wakes, cotteries;
That bird in diſhabille alone,
Is a fine lady in the pout,
'Till her fine feathers are full grown
Her ladyſhip frequents no rout.——
Said Lady Bridget your remarks are ſmart,
But where are there old maids I pray?
With your ſharp eyes and all your art,
Can you deſcry one bachelor grown grey?
Faith, Frank reply'd, 'twould be the ſame thing here,
Could we contract, like them, from year to year.
Maids can contract on credit now,
She ſaid, but not with folks like you.
Marry, and for your ſins atone,
A wife is eaſy to beſpeak,
Tho' you are not a precious ſtone,
She'll take you for a verd antique.
My ſins might have been pardon'd long ago,
I could, ſaid Frank, have married you, you know.
At thirty, one may venture on a wife,
At forty-eight, I dare not for my life.
Liſten, and I will tell you why
At forty there is ſo much danger;
Ladies a ſtory hangs thereby,
None of you ever heard a ſtranger,

In

In Lombard-ſtreet there dwelt a Banker,
Not quite a hundred years ago;
At thirty-nine he dropp'd his anchor,
About the purlieu's of Soho.
Service of plate, pinery, villa;
Yet God forgive him for his pride;
And with a Venus for his pillow,
This Banker was not ſatisfy'd.
In Parliament he had a ſeat,
But by deep ſtudy and reflexion,
And by converſing with the great,
He found the want of a connexion:
That honour ſeldom is conferr'd,
On people of our rank and ſtation,
Unleſs it cannot be deferr'd,
It requires great conſideration.
At laſt, a Peer offer'd his niece,
That had been offer'd to a pleader,
A fine plump, buxom, roomy piece,
Calculated for a breeder.
Miſs and her Lover ſcarce were ſeated——
At once ſhe yielded to the Banker;
His errand was not twice repeated,
Before he roſe to kiſs and thank her.
This alſo is the ton at preſent,
And more compendious and pleaſant.

Upon the wedding-night, in ſum,
Having arriv'd at kingdom come;
Attack'd the fort with his whole power,
Forc'd barricades, gates, and portcullis,
With its appendant chains and pullies,
He broke into the dungeon tower:
But when he thought his victory compleat,
A ſudden ſally forc'd him to retreat——
You never read of ſuch a Knight,
In any chronicle before,
A little boy put him to flight,
And drove him from the dungeon door:
Screaming aloud, as the Knight fled,
Behold the bride was brought to bed!
Hearing the ſhout, the Bridemaids bluſh'd;
One man cried, girls, the caſtle's won,
Such an affair muſt not be huſh'd,
But the Bride's part ſeems overdone.
Why ſcream and ſhriek, 'twas not like taking Troy?
Up with the poſſet, let us wiſh them joy.
They ran up ſtairs; then rapp'd and cry'd,
Refreſhment for the Groom and Bride!
After ſo hardy an adventure!
No anſwer came; the Bridgroom roſe,
And leiſurely put on his cloaths,
Sat by the fire and bad them enter.

Our

Our Bridemaids thought the place was ta'en,
That both the citadel and town,
Were laid in aſhes, or pull'd down,
They heard the ſhrieks and cries ſo plain:
At preſent, they have chang'd their mind,
Said one, or elſe they muſt be blind.
For far from a triumphant form,
His downcaſt eyes and drooping creſt,
Pronounce it a defective ſtorm,
Or a drawn battle at the beſt.
The Bridegroom cried, the cauſe lies yonder,
A cauſe to ruminate and ponder;
'Twould make the richeſt Nabob ſtare,
Such an expence he could not bear;
Hardly the king, much leſs a peer;
If every time ſhe takes a bout,
A Maſter or a Miſs pops out,
What muſt they mount to in a year?
On which he unclos'd the curtains where ſhe laid,
Somewhat abaſh'd, but not diſmay'd.
He turn'd the cloaths down, and ſubjoin'd,
'Tis worth your while to ſee what's in't,
Ecce Homo! Stamp'd and coin'd,
An hour ago, freſh from the mint;
Then made his bow, and march'd off ſmiling,
Without reproaching, or reviling.

In ten days after, ſhe and her homuncle,
Return'd to their right honourable uncle.
He knew, before he took her to Soho,
The whole houſe knew it by the bye,
She had not many weeks to go,
But did not think her time ſo nigh.
A Privy Council then was ſitting,
In Cloacina's temple met,
Of females arguing and ſh——,
About a certain famous bet.
What ſhare my Lord had in the cow and calf,
Whether the whole or only half?
The ſentence, without an appeal,
Wrote on the wall, ſeal'd with the Privy Seal.
The ſentence written there, was droll,
The calf ſhould not be cut in two,
The Butler ſhould enjoy it whole,
His Lordſhip might divide the cow,
And Lord have mercy on her ſoul.
Said, Lady Bridget, great or ſmall,
There is ſome riſk, I do confeſs,
At forty, nay, perhaps at leſs;
Marry before, or not at all:

Which

Which for a moral, may ſuffice,
For any Bachelor that's wiſe.——

NOTE.

A Lady upon her wedding night was brought to-bed, in the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles——the Tale is taken from this hint——the hint, and very little more beſide.

THE PHYSICIAN'S TALE.

TALE X.

AMONGST the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,
Some Tales unmodernis'd remain,
Which I would not attempt to tell,
Had they been told by La Fontaine;
And this of mine amongſt the reſt,
Call'd Antidote de la Peſte.
Said Mrs. Slip Slop that may be,
But of all ſtories I *admire*,
Hans Carvel told by Matthew Prior,
No one can tell a tale like *he*.

Carvel,

Carvel, impotent and old,
His finger in his wife's gold ring;
How do you know that it was gold?
The Doctor *Or* ſaid, *'twas no ſuch thing.*
Carvel's wife's picture, I declare,
Is always drawn with auburn hair:
Like Mrs. Slip Slop's, lock for lock;
Buſhy, and curling very fine,
Juſt like the tendrils of a vine,
About a ſtake or ſtumpy ſtock.
Doctor proceed in your own way,
My Lady cry'd; Slip Slop have done,
You talk and know not what you ſay,
When once your tongue begins to run.
In Dauphiny, by his relation,
A plague aroſe that rag'd as ſore,
And caus'd as great a deſolation,
As that of Athens heretofore.
When once the plague is upon duty,
To puniſh mortals for their ſins,
It neither cares for youth nor beauty,
For high, nor low, for outs nor ins——
Upon a ſweet young lady's face,
It breath'd its peſtilential breath,
The fair one would not quit the place,
Neither for the plague nor death.

In cities ſtorm'd, 'twere better far,
Whate'er betide,
For a young maiden to abide,
And take the accidents of war.
Struck on a ſudden and diſmay'd,
To a good widow ſhe repair'd,
Who neither was herſelf afraid,
Nor for her lovely friend deſpair'd;
But gave her cordials, and in brief,
Hope, the beſt cordial for grief.
This is no ſeaſon for diſguiſe;
Have you, ſaid ſhe, eat of the Tree of Life,
That makes us at fifteen as wiſe,
As a ſage dowager or wife.
The poor thing cry'd, oh! if I had,
I ſhould not think my fate ſo ſad!
Many die young, and in full bloom,
But few like me go to their tomb.
Not one, if we could know the truth,
When Love in every artery beats,
With all the powers and charms of youth,
Without once taſting of its ſweets.
Even now, Death would not be ſo frightful,
If I could get before I go,
A hearty meal of what you know,
And what I am told, is ſo delightful——

And if God pleaſe;
May be a cure for the diſeaſe.
Her friend reply'd, that is ſoon done;
For, God be thank'd, there are enow,
Enow, that have nought elſe to do;
The fair maid cry'd, for God's ſake run:
I know at leaſt of three or four,
That I have oft' refus'd before;
One very much againſt my will:
'Tis maſter John, bring him anon,
For by St. Luke, my maſter John,
Muſt either cure or kill.
Behold him ready at her beck,
Behold her arms about his neck;
At once, *pour vous le couper court*,
There was no *petite oye*, no toys,
Like half fledg'd girls and fooliſh boys,
To anticede *parfait amour*.
Finiſh'd, repeated o'er and o'er,
'Till maſter John could do no more.
She ſtay'd and play'd, not without pain,
But found it all labour in vain:
My dear, ſaid ſhe, you have done me good;
I thank you for your good intention,
But yet you cannot cool my blood,
With all your goodneſs and attention.

Go, my dear love, and go to bed,
And ſend the Marquis in your ſtead.
He ſent the Marquis, then laid down,
Sent for the Curate and confeſs'd;
And after that obtain'd the crown
Of martyrdom amongſt the bleſs'd.——
The Marquis far'd the very ſame,
And dy'd without quenching her flame.
The Widow recommended next,
A ſubject for the vacant chair,
A ſwain that never was perplex'd,
Either with thinking or with care;
Form'd and conſtructed on a plan,
To build a compleat Widow's man;
During the whole co-operation,
Far more ſevere than I can paint,
'Till he was forc'd to quit his ſtation,
She never utter'd a complaint.
He went home jaded you'll believe;
But how, without St. Luke's protection,
He ſhould eſcape without infection,
Is not ſo eaſy to conceive.
Her father hearing ſhe was ſmitten,
Sent a ſedan and chairmen able,
To bring her home as was befitting,
But firſt to land her in the ſtable,

'Till they were ready to receive her,
And all things got that could relieve her.
As freſh as when ſhe firſt ſet out,
Before ſhe went to the peſt-room,
She took a handſome farewell bout,
Concluding with her Father's Groom.
The Damſel, when her bed was ready,
Leaning upon her Nurſe, retir'd,
Reſign'd and ſteady;
And four hours after the poor Groom expir'd.
Conſign'd to her old Nurſe's care,
She had not lain above two hours,
Before the ſweat broke out in ſhowers,
Next came on each ſide, you know where,
A *bijoux* very fine to ſee,
This like her watch, and that like her etwi:
Then fell into a ſleep profound,
And wak'd next morning ſafe and ſound.
Three months were paſt, the fact was clear,
She prov'd with child, nor would deny it——
To her good Mother, as you'll hear,
She own'd, in part, how ſhe came by it.——
Three of the candidates were gone,
Three ſhe deſtroy'd you know before,
Three out of four,
Therefore it fell to the ſurviving one;

On

On whom ſhe was beſtow'd in marriage;
And put an end to all diſpute,
About the planter and the fruit,
Next day by a miſcarriage.——

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Nature has taken ſpecial care,
If you conſider and examine,
To guard the fair,
Againſt plague, peſtilence and famine.
Therefore we ought to give God praiſe,
That they're not ſcarce, but in great plenty,
Or otherwiſe, for ſuch a dainty,
We ſhould be cutting throats always.
For our ſakes, Ladies, and your own,
If there ſhould happen to appear,
The Influenza, like laſt year,
Follow this regimen alone.
As to the doſe, I cannot gueſs,
Unleſs I knew your conſtitution,
It may be more, it may be leſs,
But more or leſs, take it with reſolution.——
This you muſt note,
A plague requires, much more than a ſore throat.

THE APOTHECARY'S TALE.

TALE XI.

APOTHECARIES are not fit,
None but Apothecary King,
To deal in gallantry or wit,
They may tell tales, or ditties ſing.
Always providing and ſuppoſing,
They are not of their own compoſing;
As I am call'd on in ſucceſſion,
I ſhall ſtick cloſe to my profeſſion.
A Quack, in a ſmall country town,
According to report,
Got great renown,
For his great cures of every ſort.
He never uſed to bleed or bliſter,
Or to give bolus pill or potion,
His panacea was a lotion,
Or a detergent, call'd a clyſter;

And

And this was conſtantly apply'd,
Upon the ſpot where he reſided,
To every backſide
That would abide it.
A Cobler came from a great diſtance,
With a full confidence poſſeſs'd,
Imploring his aſſiſtance,
Taking him for a conjuror profeſs'd.
For he had heard in various places,
Of his ſucceſs in conjuring caſes.
Beſide his ſtall and cobling gift,
He kept a ſtye,
And therein kept a boar whereby,
He made a tolerable ſhift.
An ancient pig, of that fair ſex,
Came on a viſit to the boar,
The boar was gone, which needs muſt vex,
And make the matron gruntle ſore.
The Cobler's truſt was in the cunning man,
He ſearch'd woods, vallies, hills and plains,
But all in vain, for all his pains;
So to the conjuror he ran.
The Ladies ought to know before
Your Tale goes on, ſaid the Phyſician,
The definition of a boar——
'Tis Mrs. Slip Slop's definition——

An

An animal with a curl'd tail,
With *teſtibles* like melons more than figs,
The moſt continuaceous male,
Ingeniouſly contrived for making pigs:
Pigs, made between ſleeping and waking,
They take ſo long a time in making.
From whence, by Mrs. Slip Slop's leave,
To make the matter ſtill more plain,
A metaphor is ta'en,
That from her drawing you'll conceive.
Thus, all the maccaroni corps,
Call a long ſtory, or narration,
Which is a ſlow dull operation,
A boar.
You underſtand it now, thanks to your veſtal;
And, my dear Ladies, I implore you,
Hark to the Knight of the *great* Peſtle,
I promiſe you, he will not boar you.
The Cobler ſqueezing through the crowd,
The Doctor heard him aſk his aid,
But could make nought of what he ſaid,
The Doctor's patients talked ſo loud.
Take him away, the Doctor cried,
Convey him quickly to the artiſt,
Let him immediately be plied
With an injection of the ſmarteſt.

On which they took him as directed,
And all at once, not by degrees,
Criſpin was copiouſly injected,
Then ſet at large, paying his fees.
As he march'd home, he made a ſtop,
The remedy began to work;
Which forc'd the Cobler to uncork,
A dunghill drank it every drop:
Like bachelors and black-legg'd gamblers;
Boars run about and are great ramblers.
Our Cobler's boar was lodging there,
And grunting at the noiſe, put out his ſnout,
On which the Cobler turn'd about,
Held up his hands, and utter'd a ſhort prayer.
The Lord be prais'd, ſaid he and for the ſame,
Laudamus to the Conjuror's name.
Not only he, his wife, his ſiſter,
The Pariſh and the Vicar too,
Believe it was the Doctor's clyſter,
That found his pig out, what think you?

MORAL

In times of troubles and of war,
A Conjuror's no bad vocation,
Better by far,
Than in a quiet ſituation.
The country vulgar always run,
To the Attorney, Parſon, Squire,
Or London Rider to enquire,
Whether or no they are undone:
And we that think ourſelves their betters,
Apply to ſome great man of letters:
To Doctor Johnſon, not the amphibious;
To Doctor Prieſtley, Franklin's rival;
Or to the reverend and ambiguous
Mr. Wy——l;
Who ſend us to ſome cunning man,
To Fox or Burke,
Or my Lord Smirk,
The cunningeſt of all the clan.
Theſe mount the therapeutick roſtrum,
One deals in amulets and charms,
Another ſells a famous noſtrum,
That animates, corrects and warms;
The third, a ſubtile diſtillation
To numb the ſenſe of *amputation.*

If

If any of them ſhould by chance,
Gueſs right, and make a lucky hit,
Mercy upon us! how they prance!
How we ſing praiſes and are bit.

NOTE.

This Tale in part is taken from the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles; it is not every one that can read them; if the reader can, he is deſired to compare with thoſe, the Tales that are in ſome meaſure borrowed from thence, and which are always mentioned; and he will obſerve, that the author, is neither a tranſlator, nor an imitator; but has an indiſputable right, with Fontaine, to originality. The Lady is too modeſt to have made the requeſt herſelf, it is made at the requeſt of the publiſher.

FINIS.

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